

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis Thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

Lutheran Hymn.

As two lads were hurrying homewards from a village school in C—, they observed a gentleman on horseback speaking to one of the neighbours, and as he drove off handed him several tracts. The man told them, that the kind stranger having learnt from him that it was not often that he could attend at even the nearest place of worship, begged him to improve his time at home, and there "worship God in sincerity and in truth," adding—"Take these *silent preachers*, my friend, and may God grant that they aid you in serving Him." The scholars that evening mentioned this circumstance to their mother, one of them inquiring what the gentleman meant by the phrase '*silent preachers*.'

She readily explained, that the plain explanation of God's holy word, and the familiar addresses to the conscience which most religious tracts contained, were found admirable aids to, or substitutes for, the *preaching* of the Gospel of Peace,—and that although they proclaimed the truth not with the lips of men, yet the voice of God had very frequently made itself heard silently though effectually, through His gracious blessing on these humble means.—"Some of those instances I will" she added, "collect for you by to-morrow evening, after our family devotions, if God be pleased to spare us."

On the following evening, the boys did not fail to remind their affectionate parent, of her promise, which she thus willingly performed.—"During my late visit to L—, I enjoyed the society of a lady who had lately been actively engaged in forwarding the designs of a small tract Society, from which very much benefit had resulted. On one occasion, in the course of her walks for the distribution of them, her Tract basket was nearly emptied, when a man thus roughly addressed her—'Are you the woman what left at my house a book against drunkenness?' On her replying 'She was,' the other with an oath angrily retorted, 'What business have you to point at me that way? How did you know that I drink a little, and who told you all about me?' The lady mildly answered, that she knew not even his name. The man looked thoughtful muttering to himself—'That is strange! That book hit my very case.' And it *did* by God's blessing—(and nothing, my children, is truly blessed without His blessings) meet his case. He read the book again; his wife also read it to him, and he became a sober, useful man, instead of a maudlin drunkard.—On another occasion, the master of a vessel, returned to the Society a parcel of tracts which had been sent on board, complaining that once before his men had 'meddled with such like books when they should have been attending to the ship.' This was a mere excuse, for religion aids and advances, and does not impede the duties of life. The Society, desiring that 'Patience might have her perfect work,' sent still other tracts on board, and some of them had so interested this same master, that on his return from the vessel, he sent anxiously for another parcel, and spoke in high terms of the benefits conferred on himself and his men, by these *silent preachers*, which had gained entrance to the vessel."

'Then mother,' said the elder of the boys, 'if so much good is brought about by these nice little books do not pious persons send them all over the world?'

'Yes,—societies have been established in several places, especially in England and the United States of America, and God has granted them the dew of His blessing.—Last year, the New York Episcopal Tract Society distributed 41,633 Tracts, and the public benevolence which more and more abounds in these States, enabled the missionaries in Greece to circulate upwards of 30,000 copies. And what do you think of the American Tract Society having spread abroad through the length and breadth of their land and in other countries, nearly *three millions* of tracts, during the past year, and the Paris Society 321,000, and that of Hamburg nearly as many? The London and Bristol Societies are behind none of those. Be-

sides the young men of the Theological Seminary at New York, scattered abroad 500,000 pages; part of them procured with funds which *some lads* whom I know apply to purposes rather less holy and useful. It may be said of these as of other religious societies, that "they have long been teaching us this one *great doctrine*, that every one who possesses or can earn more than he absolutely needs, should make himself a steward of the poor."*

The boys looked and felt guilty, and made a promise (to which some of my young readers will, I trust, find a ready echo in their own bosoms) to spend most of their future spare money in furtherance of such admirable objects—pleasing in Time—profitable in Eternity.

Their kind parent then related to them some very pleasing and striking anecdotes, displaying the immense benefits of those '*silent preachers*,' but I must reserve the repetition of them for another communication,—meantime I entreat those who read this to turn in their minds by what method they can advance the glory of God, through the blessed instrumentality of books or tracts of sound piety and profit.

July 1836.

SIGMA.

From the Missionary.

LAST DAYS OF BISHOP WHITE.

It is but little more than three months since, in announcing the entrance of the venerable prelate on his eighty-ninth year, we spoke with grateful joy, in the language of the London "Christian Observer," of "the green vigour" of his accumulated years; and adopted as our own the pious prayer of the "Gospel Messenger," so favourably heard, and so abundantly vouchsafed,—that "his last hours" might be "as happy and peaceful as his whole life had been useful." And though since then he had been visited with a severe attack of sickness, which at the time caused great anxiety, he had so far recovered, as to appear at the meeting of the Bishops, on the 21st day of June, with even more than his wonted strength of body, and clearness and activity of mind. He continued thus, in the discharge of his accustomed duties, with his accustomed industry and assiduity—contributing to the last, or July, number of the Protestant Episcopalian, a most admirable article on the *wandering of the mind in prayer*—keeping up the current of his extensive correspondence—preaching, in St. Peter's Church, on Sunday, June 26, the last time, "the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart"—and on Saturday June 4, attending a funeral, and visiting, at a distant part of the city, a member of his congregation. In the evening of that day, however, he was evidently feeble, and retired to rest without disease, but much exhausted. It was the last time that he ascended the familiar stairs. A fall, on rising in the course of the night, alarmed his watchful and devoted son, who found him prostrate on the floor; and from that time, though without other injury from the fall, (which was the effect, it is supposed, of weakness merely,) than external bruises, he gradually sunk from the slow failure, one by one, of all the springs of life—without pain, without severity of suffering, without a murmur or a groan—until the fifteenth day of his confinement, when, sweetly as an infant drops away upon its mother's breast, he slept in Jesus.

No one who knew—as who did not?—the quietness and modesty and infantile simplicity, which marked, while they adorned, his long, and dignified; and useful life, would look that in his dying hour he should forsake the even tenour of his way. No one who knew—as who did not?—how that whole life, so far as fallen man, through sanctification of the Spirit, may attain, was blended and made up of Christian virtues, Christian graces, Christian courtesies—the fair exemplar of the faith which he proclaimed through six and sixty years—would doubt, even had he died, and made no sign, of his unshaken firmness in that faith, of his integrity, sincerity, and purity in life. Still, we

* Though last not least, our correspondent might have added that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, distributed in 1835, about SEVEN MILLIONS of books and tracts.—Ed. C. C.

rejoice to put on record the dying testimony of one more apostle to the Cross of Jesus Christ. Our hearts are glad that another has been added to the "cloud of witnesses" by which we are encompassed, lifting our eyes and thoughts from earth to heaven, and strengthening us to run with patience the noble race which they have run, that we may enter with them into rest. We do thank God, that, as for half a century, in all his life and conversation, so, in his dying moments, our beloved Father was, in thought, in word, and deed, a CHRISTIAN BISHOP. It had been from the first the injunction of his eminent and assiduous medical friend, that he should be left as far as possible to quiet and repose, and such, throughout his illness, was his own prevailing inclination. Prayers however had been offered, by one of the Clergy of his parish, at his bed-side.—It was on Tuesday, July 12th, that the administration of the Communion of the Sick was proposed to him; to which he gave, with great emphasis of manner, the most cordial assent—spontaneously observing that it was an ordinance significant of all that was most essential in Christianity, and expressing the devout hope that he might have grace to receive it with resignation, and to his spiritual profit. It was accordingly administered by the Assistant Bishop, there being present with all the members of the family, another Bishop, and the Assistant Minister of St. Peter's Church. It was astonishing, in his great weakness of body, to see what strength and fervour he engaged in the solemn service, and how perfectly, his attention and interest were sustained throughout. His manner was that of deep and seraphic devotion—following evidently through all the prayers, uniting distinctly in every sentence that was responsive, and most especially in the Confession, and in the Gloria in Excelsis, sealing every portion of the service with an emphatic *Amen*—and insisting earnestly, until over-persuaded by those about him, when the consecrated elements were delivered to him, that he would rise from the bed, which for several days he had not left, to receive them, as he was used to do, on his knees. From the commencement of the Bishop's illness, though every office was performed with the utmost skill and assiduity and tenderness by the members of his family, it had been conceded to the affectionate interest of the Clergy, that there should be some of them in the house every night. On Tuesday night that pleasure—and greater pleasure there could scarcely be—was shared by the Bishop of New Jersey, with his brother of Michigan. Though it could not reasonably be doubted that the venerable patient was acquainted with his true condition, and its unquestionable result, it was deemed kind and just—with that respectful tenderness, which was not more strongly dictated by the relation of the parties than by the impulse of filial feeling—to seek assurance that it was so, and to afford the opportunity of any communication which he might desire to make, and which, ere long, increasing weakness might preclude. Accordingly, at a favourable opportunity, during the night, it was said to him, "I hope, Sir, that you feel no inconvenience from the effort you made in receiving the Holy communion this afternoon." "Not the least," he replied, "not the least, but much comforted."—"It was a great pleasure, Sir, to be permitted once more to receive that blessed sacrament, which we have so often partaken with you." "And a great pleasure to me to have you." We feel, Sir, that you are very sick, very sick indeed." "I can say nothing to the contrary of that." "We thought, Sir, that you might have something that you would wish to communicate, some message for the Church, to which God has spared you so long. We should be glad to receive any word of counsel from you, and to bear it to our brethren." "I can only say, that I pray God's protection and blessing, that it may continue to have peace and prosperity, after my decease." "We trust, Sir, that you rely with entire confidence on the promise of that blessed Gospel which you have preached so many years"—"and," he interrupted, "which has hitherto sustained me." "And you submit yourself, Sir, wholly to God's gracious goodness, with a single and entire reliance for salvation on the merits of his Son, though faith in him?" "O entirely, entirely; I have no other wish, no other hope!" After a pause, the effort of speaking being very great, though he did not allow that he was fatigued by it, and was evidently consoled and animated by the conversation, "I should